

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

A Government Bill was introduced in the Swedish Parliament last week extending to women the Parliamentary franchise and the right to stand for election upon the conditions now enforced in the case of men. The Bill contains a provision that married women whose husbands have paid no taxes for three years shall not be entitled to vote.

We are always pleased to note a clergyman taking an active part in support of the women's cause, and the Rev. Hugh Chapman sets a splendid example to his fellows in the courageous manner he works and speaks for us. In a most beautiful letter in the *Times* on Friday last he defends women against the unspeakable insults hurled at them as a sex by Sir Almroth Wright. He supports the view that the women's enfranchisement movement is one of the Spirit, and writes:—

"Possibly a medical man's chief experience of women is with the neurotic type, which calls for grave pity, but which is by no means descriptive of them as a whole. I would also remark that far and away the finest of the nurses, whose profession is almost more important than that of the physician, are the product of an enthusiasm and recklessness of self of which the medical world is thoroughly aware, and from which it reaps most of the benefit. . . .

"I would ask the writer of this *brochure* in favour of the Eastern and archaic view of women to consider whether it is just or kind or chivalrous to thus treat the sex *en animal*, forgetful of the reverence due to such words as mother, wife, sister, daughter, or friend.

"I have not touched on the term 'votes,' which as a clergyman is not my concern, but it is the concern of the Church to take her stand on the side of spirituality and that exquisite co-operation between the sexes for the common good, which is apparently a closed book to the Philistine."

As the Anti-Suffragists are circulating the demoralising letter from Sir Almroth Wright in the *Times*, in pamphlet form, Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone, of Greenbank, Liverpool, has had extracts made from this document, with the title, "What Anti-Suffragist Men Really Think About Women," copies of which she will be glad to supply at cost price. Miss Rathbone commends the leaflet as a "moral emetic" to be administered especially to women who are hesitating about the question and whose minds have been overloaded with the sentimental view of womanhood put forward by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Violet Markham.

The Secretary to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. (says the *Standard*), has received a donation of £2 2s., as a protest against Sir Almroth Wright's recent reference to medical women, when he stated that they were "of course never on the side of modesty, or in favour of any reticences," the donor adding that many other women who have reason to bless women doctors would probably wish to follow her example.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN COTTON WOOL.*

The "Foreword" of this volume points out that "as society is now constituted, a man with a moderate but assured income can find people who, in return for his money, will perform for him nearly all the duties of manhood; and, as though he were infinitely precious, he may thus wrap himself in cotton wool and evade the shocks and perils of active existence."

Such an one was young Mr. Leonard Calcraft. He is first presented to the reader as an ideal and self-sacrificing son of an invalid and exacting old father.

There was everything the matter with old Calcraft. Dr. Searle said again and again he was only kept alive by the unremitting care that surrounded him.

"In other words," said Miss Workman, "you mean by Mr. Lenny."

"Well, and so I do," said the good doctor cordially. "I never saw anything like it."

Father and son lived in a large corner house on the Esplanade; there appeared to be every sign of relative affluence, good furniture, good food, good wine, five women servants kept to wait upon two masters, *not counting the hospital nurse* (the italics are ours). The said nurse, be it said, was an unconvincing creature, who called her patient "sir" and gave way to tears, and was being continually sent out of the room.

The other picture of Lenny is his relation to the girl who loved him. Lenny uses this devotion to place her in equivocal positions, while at the same time, "he adhered to what he called their rules—extracting all the bliss that may be enjoyed without danger or difficulty, complications, embroglios, or an expansion of the secret leading to discovery. Perhaps he refused to weigh the possibility that there was something very mean in caution so one-sided. Certainly he never for an instant admitted the idea that he was taking everything and giving nothing in exchange." On his father's death he tries to free himself from his pretty Alma, and the scene between them is powerfully described.

"Alma," he murmured, "I *respected* you. At least give me credit for that. No one can say there was anything really wrong between us." Her tear-stained face twitched and quivered, and she laughed, as it seemed to him hysterically. "You respected me—but my God, at what a cost to me. Nothing *wrong*! Lenny, if you throw me over I shall hold myself lower and cheaper than the women in the streets. They would never have been so subservient." . . . In another moment the end of the storm had come; tears streamed down her cheeks; and the words had no other sound than that of a prayer.

* "In Cotton Wool," by W. B. Maxwell. London: Hutchinson & Co.

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